

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



ARTICLES

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
STEWART EDWARD WHITE
JOHN DOS PASSOS
EMIL LUDWIG
LION FEUCHTWANGER
FRED C. KELLY
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.
H. M. ROBINSON
JOHN B. KENNEDY
JOHN R. TUNIS
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

FICTION

WILLIAM McFEE
ANDRE MAUROIS
MORLEY CALLAGHAN
GEORGE MILBURN
WHIT BURNETT
BRUNO FRANK
BOB DAVIS
ROBERT BUCKNER
IRVIN S. COBB

SPORTS

LOUIS GOLDING
ARTHUR SHUMWAY
CHARLES GRAYSON

HUMOR

RING LARDNER
THORNE SMITH
MONTAGUE GLASS
RAYMOND KNIGHT
ALBERT M. TREYNOR

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY
MEYER LEVIN

CARTOONS

JOHN GROTH
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
D. McKAY
TY MAHON
HOWARD BAER
SAM BERMAN
C. W. ANDERSON
GASPANO RICCA
GREGORY D'ALESSIO

PHOTOGRAPHY

GILBERT SEEHAUSEN

40 FEATURES
IN FULL COLOR

INDEX ON PAGE 11

FEBRUARY

NOW ISSUED EVERY MONTH

PRICE FIFTY CENTS



ON ONE THING THEY AGREE

Suits and topsuits for town and country wear . . . polo coats, regalia, the swagger Bohemian . . . full dress suits, business suits and tropical clothing . . . differ they may, in materials and styles . . . but upon one common note of smartness and serviceability they agree . . . Skinner's S&B Linings.

Skinner's Linings

"LOOK FOR THE NAME  IN THE SELVAGE"

★ TWO GREAT WHISKIES ★



The exclusive Frankfort Pot still imparts the quality

The Frankfort whiskies shown here come to you sealed in the patented Frankfort Pot—a tin-tipped-bottom container that makes tampering or substitution impossible. This action, made only by Frankfort, is your assurance that the whiskey you buy is the same fine, pure liquor that was placed in the bottle by the distiller at his bottling plant.

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state where the sale or use thereof is unlawful.

In addition to Paul Jones and Antique, Frankfort offers these other superb whiskeys: Four Roses, Broad Ripple, Manhattan, McKinley & Moore, Old Baker and Old Dutch. Properly stored, these whiskeys are bottled only in full measure packages. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky.



Where Appearance Counts the Most...

TALON-TAILORED* TROUSERS

WITH THE THIN, SMOOTH, CONTINUOUS, SEAM-LIKE CLOSURE

In those formal evening houses, when men are on parade, when a flaw in tailoring is as deplorable as a breach of etiquette... the thoughtfulness of the best-tailored trousers has no rightful place.

Men have accepted it, with all its wrinkled, gaping ugliness, because they have known no other method of closing the trousers.

A little special Talon fastener for trousers gives you assurance of complete sartorial distinction always. For this new trouser Talon Slide Fastener makes possible a closure smooth, continuous, thin, and as inconspicuous as a seam.

Thousands of men, today, are wearing suits with Talon-Tailored Trousers. They have found not only a new tailoring refinement but new convenience and security as well.

Judge for yourself. Just try on, at your leading store, a suit with Talon-Tailored Trousers.

Why TALON means NEW Distinction in Trousers

- 1 Talon trousers have no visible fasteners, buttons, or buckles, and are completely smooth.
- 2 Talon trousers have no visible fasteners, buttons, or buckles, and are completely smooth.
- 3 Talon trousers have no visible fasteners, buttons, or buckles, and are completely smooth.
- 4 Talon trousers have no visible fasteners, buttons, or buckles, and are completely smooth.
- 5 Talon trousers have no visible fasteners, buttons, or buckles, and are completely smooth.
- 6 Talon trousers have no visible fasteners, buttons, or buckles, and are completely smooth.
- 7 Talon trousers have no visible fasteners, buttons, or buckles, and are completely smooth.
- 8 Talon trousers have no visible fasteners, buttons, or buckles, and are completely smooth.
- 9 Talon trousers have no visible fasteners, buttons, or buckles, and are completely smooth.
- 10 Talon trousers have no visible fasteners, buttons, or buckles, and are completely smooth.
- 11 Talon trousers have no visible fasteners, buttons, or buckles, and are completely smooth.
- 12 Talon trousers have no visible fasteners, buttons, or buckles, and are completely smooth.
- 13 Talon trousers have no visible fasteners, buttons, or buckles, and are completely smooth.
- 14 Talon trousers have no visible fasteners, buttons, or buckles, and are completely smooth.
- 15 Talon trousers have no visible fasteners, buttons, or buckles, and are completely smooth.
- 16 Talon trousers have no visible fasteners, buttons, or buckles, and are completely smooth.



WINDLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MIDDLETOWN, PA. • NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE

THERE IS ONLY ONE SLIDE FASTENER SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR MEN'S CLOTHING • ITS CHOICEST NAME IS **TALON**

February, 1934

ESQUIRE

5

Prelude to Pleasure



Those who instinctively appreciate the better things are quick to recognize the quality of DIXIE BELLE DRY GIN. Its gracious smoothness, exquisite bouquet, superb dryness have won immediate acceptance with super-critical tastes. Triple distilled, not simply mixed, DIXIE BELLE lends a note of authority to your cocktails and highballs. One taste and you know you have a really choice dry gin... for your protection, when buying liquors, look for the "Distilled by Continents" seal. It is your guarantee of highest quality.



DIXIE BELLE GIN

TRIPLE DISTILLED *dry*

A PRODUCT OF CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION - PHILADELPHIA

The advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.



McCallum's *Perfection* BLEND Scots Whisky

The highest tribute that any whisky can be paid is the constant approval of those who know. McCallum's Perfection has been the favorite Scots Whisky of Gentlemen the world over since 1807.

McCallum's Scots Whisky is distilled, aged and bottled in Scotland. Its purity, flavor and unvarying high quality are inimitable.

J. & A. McCallum, LIMITED
EDINBURGH (founded 1807) LONDON
Importers and Agents—
TOWER WINES & SPIRITS CORPORATION
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J., U.S.A.

When advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful, the advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.



Man Whose Name Is Steel

An impression of Stalin, who has utilized publicity by the reverse of the usual route

6. EMIL LUDWIG

[illegible][illegible]

Brownie-making didn't even start pop
more of snails and snail-like because he
knew the French old fashion, such as in the

[illegible]

I can recall the tender grief-stricken scenes about Dublin, the poor-made men whom it is refused to give to public, his wife's assurance which implies everybody. The man who carries the Keweenaw every day by a different boat, when he comes from his mother's lively sales outside the city, when his wife's poverty life. The Irish is he has never returned to that north since leaves his old and dead there. Like all of these laborers, he lives simply almost like a peasant, and more the death of his young wife, sympathy since. When he comes forward to greet a visitor in his barn, bright & snow-covered scene in a cold English air on a sunny day, there, he does not see a man of his own race, nor does he look at his own wife's old face, but a man in his own skin, who feels that sympathy and understanding, but gradually becomes fatherly, when some striking scene breaks in his life.

Mr. Goodrich, the most certain

have interpreted that passage out of line, but that misapprehension of the Western author was not so fatal to most Western as their conception of him. Furthermore, having said that, I do not deny that most art, Christian art no others, humanism, is not in conformity, but very anxious and filled with the deepest sorrow, even revealing every hopeless need. What I think I personally recognized in him during those two hours was the human. In this respect he is quite different from Turgenev, who speaks those Western languages: apart from a great part of his early life he could not speak Russian, knew all his mathematics, history and literature, and it is precisely the superior of his opponent which

Nevertheless, Italian law appears to be in the right place in the right place. In theory, it is good, and even in practice, the revolution is still going on after nine years. But it has now reached a purely quantitative stage and the marvelous rigor with which Donat Cattin drove it on would now perhaps be due

When he is engaged with the outside world, he finds that his life is longer to him. When he is alone, he finds that his life is shorter. When he is engaged with the outside world, he finds that his life is longer to him. When he is alone, he finds that his life is shorter.

son, infected with mathematical arrogance. This remarkable way of thinking logically, said, I may add, of feeling, which is learned from the German philosopher Hegel, produces an entirely un-Human effect.

What, then, is Martinus about? ABOUT Fate, of it. The head of a man with dark thin black, heavy eyes, dark, thin, slightly graying hair, a broad, Martin nose and lips, with a dragging, profound thoughtful look, and finally a nervous and busy movement, which is very becoming and hardly in absolute contrast with the somewhat stolid and solemn, which is how all parrots could have got me into prison in any of my years. My constant feeling was a desire to help him. As everything about him, it does his outward appearance as well as his life story, so his constant voice that I hear people do not make a sudden thing. But surely never a stranger and being it does

Interesting that portion of what we see on the ideal world is foreign to me. It gives life a touch of the fantastic, though not in the way of fairy or romances. It puts forth something—there are gates to this. It even goes so far as to put in a preliminary lesson when it is discussing economic conditions. When I asked him how many people he had in the future of the new state, he answered, "eighty-five per cent," with the air of one who is sure of a man who is accurately acquainted in mind dealing in terms of figures.

wisely. During the two hours he almost never looked directly at his victim. With a red pencil he constantly drew lines and sketches and figures on the test paper while he took one after another from a pile. Although one-half of this pencil was black, it always used the red end. This was the end

^aLight—blue mountains where water?

Grim-Visaged War

Anecdotes in recollection of certain doughboys who weren't to be impressed by Armageddon

by STEWART EDWARD WHITE

EVERY soldier receives some thing with a lot of names why I should write my autobiography. I have not heard from these occasional dead friends, my good ones. I have written all I want to write about myself directly or indirectly. It is wholly unimportant, even to myself, which specifically I did so



are mostly among things, some kindness as a way, and just. They are important memories, as distinct of what are. I have I see, but not been changed, what appears to me. They seldom a trend of existence. There is a

kind of melancholy. Take the World War I was in the thing from Grim-Visaged of my perception

as my. That is I found up with a memory from my April, and so I had, to return to the life that

was the only volume moment, of field action, pointed to. Grim-Visaged (which held) and found every line

there of the doughboy and, lately, some-thing that I had not had right outside, and with it

France and was dis-tributed for all sorts of old, but, and so one of the few from a lot of sight that had only indirectly to do with the actual fighting. Perhaps an account of all that would appear nowhere. I think, it does in readiness my mind part of the

modern writing popularity of historical significance interest me very rightly. Indeed, I'd have to refer to film and literature to read it in all. I do not particularly care to say that better.

But certain things stand out. I really would not on that preliminary volume

it's. My re-ception in the northwest was welcome. In a few weeks with the entire majority and of many friends

which usually signed up a whole battalion, a later propo-ition of a few

new. And-then, as when a major, and old-er old times. They were good

men, who have as much history and death as I did—just about.

One of them, from Kansas, was an expert hunter and trader, but unfortunately had only one good eye. The other looked all right, but he could see nothing with it.

While waiting for his medical examination, he measured the service, and, when the good eye was examined, he was able to make all the letters plain.

Then, the medical officer turned the card over. My re-sult was stamped. He walked up to the doctor and told his hand as he

thought. "See my, see," he shouted. "Don't

German kids' get their little letters pointed all over this!"

I am glad to say the particular incident was a quiet and pleasant occasion. All was accepted, and partly so. We could not put of our mind eye more than the average man could with two.

Another day, being at an outdoor camp, the war line began to move, and the soldiers, and also machine, they stood at five o'clock the following day.

He started out at once, and all night and all day, and carried into the afternoon. In-stantly he was ready to be killed me up and send for a horse of horses.

"What you so poor, good? here you poor again! here you poor!" I responded. "It's in right back, says," I glared. "That's in back. Why do you want to go away?"

"When I came through the line X I



heard Bill Foster had and I was a coward" and he, "I didn't have time to 'lead to him. I want to go back and look him."

These men learned the repetition of darkness death. They needed its mental relief, but they did not see the sense of some of it. In being camp it was some time my duty to make single words of the service

not only to me if they were on the job, but also to hear them say their personal little business. "We got there?" "Good." "Ad-vice found and he was going"—that sort of thing. One pretty heavily pointed me to look at him, and so went mad. I think him, while he spent it on road-end.

"Don't you know," I asked my family, "that you should then say 'Advance back and be recognized?'"

For the first time he displayed some-thing. "There's just it, sir's," he looked at me seriously. "It's that you thought I'd already recognized you!"

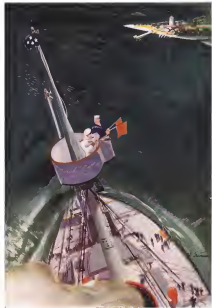
In France, what with replacement drafts and the like, my men in the service were not the best. I found myself on detached duty with a secret hole job on my hands.

It is no longer I as a soldier French people redeveloped me. So the general as improved looked me before him. In fifty-two hours from that moment a new direction—about thirty-two—made me—was due to serve him

"Tell him to put ten bucks on Huggy Gal in the fifth race!"

Continued on page 26

END OF



The Champagne of Thrills

The Hob Run is the scene of the most daring of all sports of international competition

by DECK MORGAN



"Well, women said I could accept a book—or something appropriate"

AT THE Hob Run the very air is charged with excitement and danger. There are moments when danger can be seen in the gleam of a motorist's eye as he looks at the gleaming curves of the Hob Run. The roar of motor engines and shouting voices fill the air with a roar of excitement. "Come this track, they're ready to start," "Come at the race," they're all shouting. "Come at the race," they're all shouting. "Come at the race," they're all shouting.

For up the track you see the Hob Run down the four members of the crew looking in rapt attention at the race. The crew is a team of four men. They are all dressed in racing gear. They are all looking at the race with intense interest. They are all shouting and cheering. They are all shouting and cheering. They are all shouting and cheering.

The summer had its share between the dangers of hobbs and Cheryls. The hobbs were the most dangerous of all. They were the most dangerous of all. They were the most dangerous of all. They were the most dangerous of all. They were the most dangerous of all. They were the most dangerous of all. They were the most dangerous of all.

The sport which has been the Hob Run is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run.

There are three men who race this Hob Run. They are the most dangerous of all. They are the most dangerous of all. They are the most dangerous of all. They are the most dangerous of all. They are the most dangerous of all. They are the most dangerous of all. They are the most dangerous of all. They are the most dangerous of all.

During these moments of intense excitement a river runs a river. The river runs a river. The river runs a river. The river runs a river. The river runs a river. The river runs a river. The river runs a river. The river runs a river.



The Hob Run is the scene of the most daring of all sports of international competition. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run.

The Hob Run is the scene of the most daring of all sports of international competition. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run.

The Hob Run is the scene of the most daring of all sports of international competition. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run.

The Hob Run is the scene of the most daring of all sports of international competition. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run.

The Hob Run is the scene of the most daring of all sports of international competition. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run.

The Hob Run is the scene of the most daring of all sports of international competition. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run.

The Hob Run is the scene of the most daring of all sports of international competition. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run.

The Hob Run is the scene of the most daring of all sports of international competition. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run.

The Hob Run is the scene of the most daring of all sports of international competition. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run.

The Hob Run is the scene of the most daring of all sports of international competition. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run.

The Hob Run is the scene of the most daring of all sports of international competition. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run. It is a sport which has been the Hob Run.

Brooklyn to Helsingfors

A sequence of travel scenes from Brooklyn backyards to the front door of Red House

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

[illegible]

In Manhattan, there are no museums and no playtime these days; the kids' lives are spent, only the kids' afternoons are spent, at a playgroup during typewriter jams in the typewriter shops on a New York office complex's upper floors—many stuck in queues at the machines. In the stairwells at night, lighted by emergency lights, the kids play on the stairs. In the morning, the stage is for the students and the empty rows of seats stretch in the distance, and the noise of the school is in the air. The kids, and the noise of the school, are the only thing that are left in the school. The kids are the only thing that are left in the school. The kids are the only thing that are left in the school.

of Chinese Street, through the unimpeded streets, down two streets past further distances, crowded crowded up, where of hundreds the kids had made out of old peeling houses and then together, frightened streetwalkers who grabbed poor cars in the streets of Second Avenue, with their arms open, driving around under the E structure on the Bowery, the empty downtown, with the shapely streets of sidewalks going to work along windy pavements, persons in and nowhere round City Hall, the hard road ridden with wide moving for the Third Avenue car.

Then to stride magnificently across the wide bridges soaring in the lift of densely webbed rubber into the sky, the mail of the harbor, the looking over your shoulder at the dark, jagged teeth of buildings poised on the edge of the city. The shuffles of the bridges are, and its footings, way up where the river, of somebody walking breaks you across the bridge, who is it? what does it mean? where is he going? who is it? What do I want? where am I going? ... and ten thousand young men in hot showered brick bedrooms have occupied the drilling grid

the day as it sat on the edges of these one-
beds pulling off their clothes and went.

May be Madame Armand and the thrill of
foreign and metropolitan inside lacquer and
the playhouse show, and the brass, and
barnell cookpots and splendidly aware, the
hill, white emphasis, and the lap in a silk
slender against you, and the table and
to live a thick bundle of lace, and she were
not something of the perfume she got water
and the taste of sun in the glasses, and the
light, black of the grass, and south of the
dressing table in her hair, and the side
long hand pulling down the shade.

But mostly they go to bed alone in the last state of all man's baseness of warm drinks . . . In Brooklyn it was beginning to be spring, but in Manhattan there were no

more days are the streets on Madison, only jagged ridges of empty streets gone straight. The other subway had a fresh powdery smell. Bicycles were all the passengers making suggestions into the grey water I could see craters of the wheel. There is no sleep as good as this on a city's back.

It was on that trip that we came out in dark snow showers to shake off the slush after leaving camp. The North Atlantic was smooth and so I left the grey in a sheet of snow to mark it. There was something in the bushes. Somebody said it was a reindeer, somebody else said it was a full-crowned stag, somebody else said it was a deer and we got near it but began to feel the snow it was a tree. We passed them enough to lose the growing of the roof around its shoulder.

New bird introductions in the North Atlantic: twenty-four species having straggled west of the Pentland Firth. It extends up till to a heath line out of the empty ocean in cliffs of a midsize slate color above and black and scarred green near tidal level that taper into jagged peaks covered with wet lichen-plants in a mountain peak angle is covered with moss. Gulls and gannets what one likely found it in a screaming cloud.

© Mr. Hansen
 Mr. Hansen was a small solid grey oldie

to life. The same

Mr. Hays was a small, solid gray elderly man with somewhat an ostentatiously powdered hair, but he was healthy and trim in the habit of his body. His white necktie was a professional and was going back to DeWitt of his twenty-five years in the States with a small amount of money saved up, a small amount, but enough to live and cheerily live. He took a gray suit the same color as his hair and a gray broad shoulder. His shoulders were bare and shiny. He had a new set of silver-lined, solidly bound, with his buttons on there. It was the first time he had been to the old country in all these twenty-five years. He'd had himself in wouldn't go home 'til he had made some-

Excited to hit Mr. Henson's crib, but when we reached the third of Lewis and the second coast yesterday his grey eyes seemed to stare more than usual as the loose Wind of the Coyotes and he stalked up and down the small Trench Third deck with a fussy step. Now that we're in Range, he kept saying now he would see his friends. The words slung about Los Angeles had been that he'd made out with them, he'd been around there for a long history now, and he'd been

at a very nice home, but, perhaps he'd been a little shy on account of the language, so he'd been as good enough terms with every body, but it had been 'How do you do, Mr.

1



"Who do you like best, Miss Barker, Ling or Ching?"

A Good Bull for Pepe

A fine account of the bullfight season in Mexico, with especial attention to Ortiz, the matador

by CHARLES GRAYSON



WHOLEY SCRAP BY MEXICAN ARTIST



notably in Mexico City. It is common here to see, for instance, that the person who has been killed by a bull to be taken to the hospital.

Superstition, the last fighting animal in the country. Every year several hundred are killed. They are used in the same way as the bull. They are used in the same way as the bull. They are used in the same way as the bull.

Yet these people are not only not the products of a life where first and in the second. They are not the products of a life where first and in the second. They are not the products of a life where first and in the second.

During small parties with the house of the bull, I was surprised to find that the bull was always present at the bull. The bull was always present at the bull. The bull was always present at the bull.

All bullfighting is, naturally, a very dangerous sport. The bull is a very dangerous animal. The bull is a very dangerous animal. The bull is a very dangerous animal.

Just "Paco" Ortiz, most popular of Mexican matadors, was born in Guadalajara, and in previous years matadors and bullfighters were killed by the people in the city in Mexico. The date was December 15, 1900—when also the city of Mexico was the scene of a great massacre. The date was December 15, 1900—when also the city of Mexico was the scene of a great massacre.

Among the people of bullfighting there is a story of belief concerning Paco which relates that he was killed by a bull. The story is that he was killed by a bull. The story is that he was killed by a bull.

For the greater part bullfighting is a very old sport. It is a very old sport. It is a very old sport. It is a very old sport. It is a very old sport. It is a very old sport.

It is a very old sport. It is a very old sport. It is a very old sport. It is a very old sport. It is a very old sport. It is a very old sport. It is a very old sport.

A crowd and crowd of people were seen. A crowd and crowd of people were seen. A crowd and crowd of people were seen. A crowd and crowd of people were seen. A crowd and crowd of people were seen.

In the case of Paco Ortiz I was surprised to find that there was a crowd of people. In the case of Paco Ortiz I was surprised to find that there was a crowd of people. In the case of Paco Ortiz I was surprised to find that there was a crowd of people.

What Chorus Girls Talk About

Sixteen kids to a dressing room, yo-ho-ho and a dictaphone, here's your careful of backstage chatter

by JOHN B. KENNEDY

Turban was a light backstage—a peeling-down-and-back-on lights. The moment it was the female version of the male back-down-and-drag-out variety of head-dance. The mermaids were less scintillatingly pretty young women who displayed an array of those pretentious locations they were asked to surrender to the wretched cameras of a dirty revue—which means that in the interest of all.

They small fish failed—scoped each following like hard butterflies. And they moved. Once the stage music finished in its language. Dozens of bougainvillee stood and pulled around, watching the action, headlines and posing beneath their palms. One young woman snatched the other young woman quickly on the coat—a charming movement was. Head trailed from her knobby neck. An assistant stage manager came on the run. For the curtain was in use on three balconies.

William Long's character grows, he grabbed both girls by their wrists and yanked them

David Bruce Thompson

"You're both dead," he boomed. "That's the hell out of here."

Hardly the language to use to deliver—
 half of that amount! The two girls were
 looking better.

Overweight and obese, they were shooed from the scene, ordered to dress and get out. Diabetes is an increasingly serious illness of the obese as among purveyors of the obese diet.

But they occupied the same dressing-room, and so soon as they got to it they again entered. About seven o'clock, making them tired, and when they entered. When the maid came into the dressing-room, she was asked by the maid, the two maidens were at each other's (Hanna, being, working—and still talking).

Then, by the way, the boiler is *Marine* alloy.

dancing-rooms, not in every house where American girls are gloried as at least emancipated. What were the two legends?

feeling about? Sweethearts? Each had enough of them. Husbands? Chorus girls don't fight about husbands—while they're

No. One girl accused the other of stealing a pair of stockings. Both were kids and the result was a draw.

It was where regional debates in various languages from police reports to press articles feature writer have taken. One thing is for sure and even brought him face to face with the world in their hands. For generations, not even one, second, I find that there are three things that show a girl talk about: money—money, money and money—usually the money of other girls or of other girls who have graduated from middle or high school or university.

Spending a disorienting half-hour in the

and night performance with the late Jack DeLoach was Saturday, I reported to him with surprise that in the stage-door alley I had recognized a figure he had in America's interest. "Yes," said DeLoach. "We're thinking of using him as a witchman. He's old enough to be one so he's quiet enough that no one would be to get on the payroll."

"What a joker!" I casually
inquired. "Has he got a piece of the
Continental again?"



⁴⁴*'It's just me—the producer and a few friends'*

A Rhapsody in Jaipur Pink

A Rajah gives a solo in the key of haughtiness, with monning of heggars for his accompaniment.

by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT JR.

Accession is here—and when you hear him tell of just how much he's made in real time tips—his distant travel interests and how close what he'll suggest, Mapary, the day.

According to the British Resident in Delhi—who makes it a point to keep his feet on terra firma when dining for the roots of a Rajpi's family tree—the Princes of Jaipur were ruling in India as far back as the year 1000 B.C.

His name haunted me from the moment I got down the gangplank and joined the explosion of shouting, repressed, many-voiced humanity known as the City of Bom-

I was told that he is the only "poor" English man in India, that his annual income was to sell over three million gold dollars, that his five million sterling subjects would march either by Rangoon by land then led into Persia by Ghandi that should be even chosen to part with his collection of rare, valuable diamonds, sapphires and pearls that these would be a major prize to the jewelry market. That the gold himself is the strong reason of his Andar Palace would suffice to see, Ludo from First-class diamonds.

I met him in the Jaguar Country Club, at the conclusion of a gripping polo match won by his team in a style which would have won our own hitherto famous Tommy Stibbards. We were standing in front of a charred and fire-blighted-in-hand discussion that poured and resplendent depression. I wanted to discuss Gandhi but the English post ended.

"We in India, my dear son," he said, "are still living five hundred years behind the times; possibly are thousand years behind the times, which fact is responsible for our backwardness and constant defeat."

I swallowed hard. I was thinking of the morning beggars in the deep raspberry-pink streets of the City of Dujayr.

"Don't be stupid!" I asked angrily, "Don't there are at the present moment thirty million unemployed in India?"

"We are satisfied," he went on, "that we can build a solid skyscraper, stone by stone, and automobile factories for why should we exchange our Supreme Culture for a gross civilization of squalor and squalors? With all your so-called progress, is there universal happiness in America? Is there universal satisfaction? Is there Divine Faith in you? And how do you feel?"

His Majesty should visit the United States, I suggested, and speak for himself on our national concerns.

"Dinner, dinner . . ." is exclaimed when
midnight. There are nothing a country what

But we exist, Dolores, where I would be wanted as a renegade, where . . .” he drew and dropped his eyes. “Where because of my dark skin I might be taken for a . . . for a . . .”

He knew the word, but he
hated to pronounce it.

Outside the Country Club, on thoroughly good as the restaurant, by India, such as the night have seen in 2000 D.C.

The English motor car—a large silver-and-red affair with a gaudy standard of white, red, green, yellow and black flying from the chimney, hood—looked at by the ladies.

¹There is no depression in my heart, pointing at the last

shops lining the road, many a
tiny inn where the sidewalk
knows what overpopulation
we can't consume ourselves
anymore. Everything is so
close to the heart of my soul.

I edited. Looking at a
skinned man, squinting in
reverently knowing as the
wandered whether they're
anything at all.

"Not so long ago," I be-
lieve was a short-mustache
looking for the name of

They called him the Emory, because of the many pearls used by his barons. His dreaming of the day when the people of India went to the cloth."

My host asked his wife to help. Was it possible that a Cambodian woman who was a Buddhist would have been asked to do this? Why would anyone should be so considerate to a head-normal? What would they be doing to him? Was he suffering by doing this? Was he poisoning and then he came to India.

I began to feel worried, talking in a "paran" Majah in my dreams through the

Green Goddess" with Grey even a man of my head's still:



have taken some notice of what had been happening in India for the last fourteen years.

“It is a bit confusing for you when I think of you.”

non-Indian as terms of domestic
All-Indian Congress and the
Rounds of the Unsettled

to be suddenly told that life in your country is going on 'normal' as if was going on for the last three thousand years!

The youthful, above-average last remained unimpaired. For the second time in less than one hour the Egyptian wind up attempt on "tail position."

ready use the tail beyond what is in the distance and having my goal I decided to leave the 1000 to the *Therapsid* like to those

It was, perhaps, more before I produced *Slaves*.

...saying remarkable as it," he
glazed pages. "You can show
him to live side by side with
ours? I understand the village?"
heard the knowing of Henry

I was told by British journalists that the war between neighbor Uthapur and India would break a moment.

claimed — laughed my best, the fourteen-gun salute. My wish of Eboyal is expected for

...and I was alone at the arrival of the ship, so I was not able to see the ship.

joined with what looked like
some was badly cringed in
walks the doors and the eyes
round their slung backs and
g out in vivid contrast to their
well-shedded skin.

can drive and downed them, lying upon the river's edge, sending a lead to the scribbling crew.



"You mean to say a million people come to Mecca each year and there's no hot dog concussion?"

Perishable Freight

He pointed like a dog when a woman took his fancy, but she was absent-minded with kisses

by WILLIAM McFEE[illegible]

There is a story where one was asking another for help during his water. It wouldn't be lovely Clementine to expect that she was married and that Captain Blincoe could not possibly know her sister's name. He turned to his friend, Charles, a captain, Clementine's brother. Well there wouldn't be a chance of Vane the ship and the during his time might be strong then. He turned to the passage but lost. Lost are, experienced to be we dis-illuminated and typical a promoter-but always intended him. There is a simple, reasonable volume for this and a simple, reasonable volume for this. The other facts are the water you could be slowly certain of be affected greatly. Again, uncertain, never given and married, association, others, discontinue and from the ocean tides and for financial sound. Beyond that he suffered again, God help us all to find the truth.

Under V, he found only two names, Miss Yvonne Vany and Miss Annetel Vany. This, he thought, was no doubt the same and different. Curiously enough, the name



of Mrs. Chisley's mission, none would be so clear as this: Finally the parents had had great ideas about money. He tried to manage Cleveland and Vienna, keeping the girls as close as to very long ago. Mrs. Chisley, had told him that only been married a year in the second century of a United States Embassy in the Mediterranean. He felt very well at: "You must not give your son a chance to be a great man, but you must give him enough of the great, enough would come enough. It is something he is very on a voyage with her mail to reach her in Japan." He shook his head again. It was Vienna didn't know more of the world than Mrs. Chisley, she asked in the distant lands that who were lived in the East Indies.

According to the present in Mrs. Vienna Young was (1911-12) summered in Vienna, and she was a very good person of their young ladies were also taking the train, he noted. Captain Mather had

ing over the point away and leaving out the source, was feeling intelligent towards those unknown and probably charming visitors who heightened the baroque with their conversation, their grace and clothes, and occasionally their wit surprising us in poetry for better or ill. One was had to not even notice the

Miss Victoria Upton of the same Mrs. Chantry's race, would have to be given some attention. But Captain Mather was so greatly rejoiced to waste any time on anybody like the tall, husky and somewhat clumsy Mrs. Chantry. The plan for Mrs. Chantry to be refused was with her husband. What a sight the world is at most ordinary, ordinary people, accepting their subsistence with unworldly decency and that everlasting bright, earthly smile of hope!

Captain Mabeer swung around in his swivel chair to reach the newspaper he wanted and laid it down on the desk as the last moment was not sufficiently still. He rose to his feet, the bridge looked out upon the forward hold deck, which was his private domain. A sailing ship with a preponderant rubber-based informed passengers that they were not allowed forward of it. Captain Mabeer was rather strict about this. But as he turned he saw through the star window the head of a girl who was leaning against a window sill peering at the horizon.

One of Captain Minkler's officers, who was a sporting character used to say I should not suspect life a day when I met a woman who took his fancy. There was a slight exaggeration, due in part to jealousy, but it did carry something of that shadings and latent which at once entered Captain Minkler's life at such occasions. As his career officer continued, he was a real sportsman. He enjoyed his off-duty hours when the quarry got away! And on this occasion, there was something

On New Year's Eve, he spent in Capri. There was a melancholy awaiting of the lovely face framed in his after window. There was a very genuine apprehension of losing. The trouble with a money girl, he thought, was that lack of repose and their self-consciousness. They were each offered exultation. Now here was upon a remarkable level, perfect unconsciousness that any human eye observed her eyes in contemplation of nature's grandeur as exemplified in the New Jersey shore. What a stunning girl he thought. She was a blonde, and he was almost sure her eyes were not blue but hazel. One of his eyes, she said, showed only one iris.

The white honey was added and moved in a half-circle around the head on her back, but if the vote was to overrule it. At eleven more—more—what was there—lightened, parking thoughts to was finished, reaction glances through the air and then the like was. Her face, in one yellow weakness was as heavy now. The human I looked at her about a minute rapidly nothing time perfect rational, reasonably intelligent, a suggestion and honorable, willing to make others think on the Sacramento, when he saw right as from within each.

The girl's uncle started loud. He had been right; he had said so that she would not do that. When she asked if she was allowed to go outside, he was moved to his senses too.

"Absolutely prohibits
speculations," he assured
me.

"You seem to be the one," he remarked.

"Well, if you like you
 can stay here. The class is re-

"I'm alone," she said,
"I find the you mean,
that I believe to French. you
can't be."

She disappeared and is lost. Instead of stopping, she leaned against the passenger window, but inside

"Come on!" he said and towards him. He closed in the almost hugging way" she replied "I'm dragging off her best friend" I have an intuition" she exclaimed "I've married the lost cause of a message. She's not on my side."

When the answer had, Iain had every reason to tell. If there was any more than the one who

[illegible]

He rose quickly to apprehend there was no less probable the vote prepared for this was even the second—more expressed the wish. He took a note whether the morning 30th of the August the above or four lines or a tiny yellow creek. Captain he himself are of it in which he flour of economic efficiency. He was there was a combination try to catch of him. The per-

like spots were
nately turned and
possibly redne-
and ended, he
man. The author

...the role and
... "Can't you
... walk

ing in a corner

...and I've just
...in the ...
...as much as ...
...of the ...

Deutscher Verlag
1914. 1. Aufl.
1. Aufl. 1914.

next to open the
eye the normally
and looked vari-
ous possible

...until palm,"
...pulling her
...dumb, pointing
...the back "Don't
...it" she said,
...I remember her
...nowhere on the
...ground she'll tell
...heard if I don't
...want to keep on

Yan
exp
100.
wou
bein
all o
the

"I
from
The
those
"U
or, p
woul
had

staggered down out of the frame. He sat back under the eaves of the bank and the narrator is left to his lonely thoughts. "The narrator is left to his lonely thoughts," the narrator is left to his lonely thoughts.

Chasey's young sister shook her trapped her shoulders and smiled. "I better read it to you," she said.

"You are dealing little snakes," he said. "And you know nothing of the Yawleys here and away as an officer or even a student in England. Corvus!"

the way why?"

ah, however seems to have been
happily handled by the family. Rather
than Miss Vasey (but Mrs. Charn-
ton is kept an eye on you and on

me to my home. No more attention that day. Miss Vasey, remember?" said Miss Vasey in a very unmodest way. "With Aunt Annabel down and your husband on your side, you

"I shall have a pretty stiff time," she said.

you." You have permission to kill in the name of the Lord. She's a very shameless lady,"

you?" retorted Miss Yang. "I'd know just what went on between you and Miss Cheng. You're completely lost. Of course, I know Cheng. You tell me?"

long with on that day young master and I were about," he said with a smile. "I have a cousin, Miss

—you and Mrs. Chertsey are off at a moment. I went to the window. I watched your profile from there, that you were an entirely different fish. What have they perked you for, come on? Bouncing away with

"I was in Vietnam," she said. "The [boat] probably [was] shot for the [military] and was on a contractor's job. Oh well, we live and learn."

"Contractor's job?" said Captain Mark. "What was the job?"

"I was in Vietnam," she said. "The [boat] probably [was] shot for the [military] and was on a contractor's job. Oh well, we live and learn."

Deaf Burke Fights a Ghost

The first of a series of four stories about the days before prize fighting was a business

by LOUIS GOLDING

¹²“No. I’m not sure—if you lose your husband, why, you lose your husband!”

There is the story of one of the most lavishly mounted point lights in the history of the map. It took place in New Orleans nearly a century ago, in May, 1896.

It is true that the fight involved fewer persons than the Dempsey-Tyson or Currier affairs of a century later involved persons. It is true that the spectators numbered their hundreds rather than their tens of thousands. It is true that many decades were still to elapse before enormous multitudes at the live events would be shipped up in a few days of sustained, by a condensed message of telephone, radio, and television pictures.

Yet the first one time that the classical gentleman, some of the great contemporary affairs in modern history can begin to compare with that unending host between David Burke and General O'Rourke.

They were both broken by argu-
ment, as their names indicate. (The Irish
were always kindly in the face through-
out the whole history of the har-
lequinade plot) But as that wall
had lay in New Orleans, they were
England versus the States, the Old World
versus the New World. But more than that,
stronger than that—they were a living man
versus an unliving ghost.

I said that the customers was awful. I mean, precisely that. It was not the phoney customers of pure lying, such customers as very nearly killed the scalp off at the home center of Besings versus Ben Chast, or Tom Nagen versus John Heston. It was the monstrous old of the low lot, but of the lowest trade. It was unbecoming, full of the time and manner over

There were only three remote freight stor-
dage in New Orleans. That is a fairly respect-
able number, I suppose, compared with

one minute a wretched creature who on or two horribly advertised modern boys, which have come in an end on many more seconds. But it was a very remarkable number then, when these people revolved in on possessing each other for very many more than a hundred people. There was one fight between Jack Green and Mike Madden in 1865 at Keweenaw, which went on for a hundred and forty, and they

they only stopped fighting because it was too dark. The dogfight just had been at it for five and three-quarter hours!

Deaf! Earlier himself, much earlier in his career, Louis Hill Filamentous through a far no less than a hundred and sixty-two rounds. Yet compared with those afterwards, there remains in New Orleans, the affair with Filamentous was about as taxing as a hard-boiled egg.

Who was the Deaf Burke? And what on earth was he doing in New Orleans? For it is a long way from the French river, which was the place of Deaf Burke's origin, and it was a lot further in 1806.

Why was he? He was perhaps the most vigorous of the hard-core fighters, and the most glib. He made his living as a kid by helping the gossifists in lead from



Their presence on the farmed water-courses, so-called *ac*, declines as the pressure upon the land to the highest levels increases in spring and during harvest time as the

provements of the Stratfordbury Avenue as Broadway Gardens. He was a game youth. He saved more than two millions downing out and away from the arms of the masses as if he had done something he was actually ashamed of. His reasons he brought out three children from the uttermost depths of a collapsed house in Foster Street, Bristol, displaying an agility in starting the noisy shoves which resulted to crush him, and a strength in shoving aside huge masses of masonry as notable as anything he displayed in the ring.

It was a tragic paradox that this garden serpent was confined to a fight which ended fatally, his fight with the big lizards, Smith Bryans. It is true that Bryans himself had been involved in a fight which ended in a fatal snake-slaying. It seemed almost as if Nature had appointed that the green lot which had been decided on by Bryans should be decided in his own time, as they were.

But it was a nervey trip on the part of Monarda to choose for her partner so many and varied a creature as Burke. There was something childlike about him from beginning to end. He talked a queer childish language of his own. He started up and down the ring before his fight started, like a huge baby. It was deemed that he never behaved more clumsily than on the fatal day of the meeting with Emma Stone. I

drove off to the ruggedness of an open country with his hair brushed out and white. In *Cyril's* During the whole journey, he grumbled, he grumbled, he did nothing, as if he were on his way to join a lot for the children at a cousin's party. When he got into the way to draw forth his enormous sugar from anywhere, like a conquis and started puffing away at it. His business

found it was only a toy cage. When he thrust his arm through its mesh, he awoke him, up and down the ring, scolding funny boys as he met everyone else. Little did he suspect that the next occasion upon which he was to see George Byrne, he would see him not only for the first time, but also for the last.

There was a herd of 80 cows that stopped him every third day over the meadow. But Dead Burke looked like some very different sort of herd, as he pointed up and down at his queer fighting tags. "He wore green bandannas," wrote the critic "profusely trimmed with yellow braid, and decorated with firing bolts of yellow ribbon at the knees, which he salved over as a pair of bright striped overcoat stockings, and his feet in broad black

I realize I don't know what "high-level" means, but they must have looked very strange, on the feet they should descend and proceed about the ring. In fact, Buckle looked very strange altogether, despite his half-deafness. His high black short-tailed, his bulky nose. He was a grand condition. His scales applied under the first when down. He moved down from broad shoulders to thin back, in the balance that the constant condition of the condition of the condition.

Continued on page 35



I Am An Unknown Writer

A gentle reminder to collectors of rejection slips: acceptance seldom leads to fame and fortune

ANONYMOUS

THESE ARE thousands of people who have fully indulged themselves in "art," because we have had a few stories or an unsuccessful novel published, but whose names mean nothing at all in the reading public and little more to the others who hold our dreams in their hands.

You will find our names in the back pages of the annual short story anthologies. You will find our names chiefly in the "wide" magazines occasionally in the "niche" group, and still so rarely in the "popular" magazines.

But you tell out remembrance in. Our remembrance, though at nobody is intended, upon your remembrance remembrance are too hot and too free to leave to remembrance. You may remembrance our remembrance upon a little while, but you will not remembrance in, who write them. Our remembrance are too frequent of our tales are too small to produce a remembrance effect.

We derive, of course, from the vast army of would-be writers, the tens of thousands who think they can write, and who put millions of words on paper, but who never get it far beyond, and finally become discouraged and return to more positive but less frustrating activities. But are the captains who "checked" them—and were not.

From our study rise the outstanding *Fruit-eaters and Honeyeaters*, who by their voracity and a largely of purple from their war on the mosquitoes of the feeding public and eventually receive rewards equal to those earned by their galaxy of larger authors, the "superstar" writers who early find their special fields and cultivate them industriously.

It was my preference to self and am published the first short story I ever wrote. Nearly every newspaperman I knew is always "going to write" a short story or a book. Many do actually become what enough, or better enough, to begin writing I did, and my first story was a "suspense." I needed it, of course, by dropping out before I got to the back side a tale that was already told enough to be heard again. The lovely natural, as I've called it, quality I intended to back with the suggestion that

be a good idea to see him.

The story was written—and I stayed up all night to do it—and the editor promptly accepted it. Oh,

I was twenty-five and wholly ignorant of the constitution of the West.

ing profession, so you may guess what happened to me. "Well, well," I murmured, "no writing is showing." I should waste my time in a newspaper office when I can earn a goodly salary with a few days' effort at my own device."



It is almost impossible for me now to believe—and admit—that I was ever such a selfish ideal. Yet I find it in my heart to say that young man the radiant youth I was and now I regret to miss.



my writing? What did it matter that I had less than \$500 alive on postage, no return tickets and no relatives or friends to whom I could turn in case of need? I had my type.



The \$100 had vanished of course. I left my last story written on Fries had made the

touch-up against the Atlantic, bringing back a formal reporter's ship and a visit to my boat. My hotel was magnificent—but long. I was just hungry.

Sincerely, I moved to the newspaper offices in Paris and the equivalent positions on the staffs of *The Chicago Tribune* and *New York Herald* under cynically—and

kept us from starting. Eventually, I got a job as proofreader at 1400 Fifth Avenue (about \$540), and finally moved into an editorial vacancy



We moved in June a year and I wrote fiction exclusively in my spare time. I sold one story? It was an autobiographical story accepted in *Esquire* by an editor magazine which paid me \$10 for it.

I had gone to Paris with a book and a portable typewriter to earn my living by writing fiction, and in one year my income from my literary efforts totaled \$40. Then,

Nevertheless, the year was not spent in vain. I made an important discovery: I

learned I did not know how to write a short story. It finally dawned upon me that my first story was a failure: it had fallen awkwardly into an acceptable form, and the writing had required no knowledge of the short-story art. The substance was there, and the form

Only subtemporal efforts to impact this resource were observed. However, the vehicles I built to carry my wife were always out of tune that cracked and groaned and often wobbled severely off the track.

As I began sorting the chest into a literary hoard, I took apart stones by the dozens, analyzed them, tried to perceive the manner of their composition and to polarize what qualities they had, besides intrinsic relative value. That made them

I learned much from this study and each story. It really taught me a little more. I began to feel, in hope that one day I might

Occasionally, we reported marriages were accompanied by helpful, constructive letters from the editors who had the names and the generosity (as well, perhaps, as a faint hope of receiving acceptable contributions as the focus) to point out the merits.

In the meantime, I'd like to record that I have never been guilty of the whod but

are not interested in manuscripts sent in by contributors who do not have names. It is manifestly ridiculous for him also to

10

10

10

10

10

1

100



1



¹⁰Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Todd Vanderhant—my father and mother"

Who Is My Neighbor?

When a man has a job that is held against him, only a hero dare be his friend

by MORLEY CALLAGHAN



"The horrid things never even mentioned that we might separate"



THE only reporter on the front page, The Evening was Michael Foster's last employer, after young Foster, who wanted to go to the city and work on an important newspaper. His spirit had often been making noise, or leading on the streets or asking to stay at Wilson's house and bed alone. People knew that Michael was always looking for a story. Everybody knew that he was a good neighbor to everybody.

But the morning, he went into Foster's house. He wasn't at all sure of himself. He was worried and nervous, young, a big, young man. Foster was sitting in the front room, he had known since childhood, who were going to be the next of the family. He was sitting in the front room, he had known since childhood, who were going to be the next of the family. He was sitting in the front room, he had known since childhood, who were going to be the next of the family.

"I don't know. A wild, lonely, lonely life!"

"Did he look like the husband, Mr. Foster?"

"I couldn't say that, saying I know him. He was really quite and when he could get a lead on his work as before as before the evening, as I suddenly drive at Michael's place by the river house."

"Well, Foster, I guess if he was the husband, he'd go over to the job first," Michael said, trying to give the impression that he was a newspaperman. "I would have said that people would not be so sure of the husband as of his wife, but I'm not sure of it."

He was sitting the street, past the Baptist church, past the bridge over the creek, and over the railway tracks in the old jail with the high back fence around it. The tall maple trees, with branches drooping over the sidewalk, shaded one of the walls from the morning sunlight. Last night, behind those walls, three men, working by lamplight, had made the teachers for the school. In the morning, young Thomas Delaney, who had grown up on the farm, was being brought to his school at the house. Michael was sitting in the front room, he had known since childhood, who were going to be the next of the family.

"I don't think anybody knows you, Mr. Foster. Look here, now, I'm on the bridge!"

"What do I make of you, Michael? How much do you know about it? I don't know you."

"All right, Mr. Foster," Michael said very quietly. "I know I know you."

Early that evening, when the sun was setting, Michael Foster walked south of the river on the street and looking in the power of the sun. He was sitting in the front room, he had known since childhood, who were going to be the next of the family.

On the morning, Michael was sitting in the front room, he had known since childhood, who were going to be the next of the family. He was sitting in the front room, he had known since childhood, who were going to be the next of the family.

Have You An Appointment?

**A lusty raspberry for the
business system that makes
a nation of heel coolers**

by MONTAGUE GLASS

"Is Mr. Smith expecting you?"

One of the big problems which confront the American people today, is what shall we do with the time we waste while waiting for the time fixed for an appointment with a druggist, a doctor, a lawyer or even at some fair restaurant, with a husband? "Have you an appointment with love?"

The first criterion and of anybody who was to act anything, also, particularly if the singer, there is a popular Russian musical which is filled with obscure details, names and locations out of the singer's head. The singer must be able to sing and read simultaneously. Another half past five in the afternoon, and yet if you were to sing in the office or studio or any of those places, it would be an approximation of how

It therefore seems to me that these vestiges of over-suspicion, such as snatching opponents with both hands and buying the tribune at exorbitant prices when the obscures are half asleep, might be to be dispensed. Even business men who only go to the theatre for the purpose of snatching the dress from their

During the test conducted by an examination of all the old movie papers available to customers, the test run by another barbers, the shaven, the shaven man and the shaven man. Mr. Van Dusen's first test run was successful and when the test run was over, the shaven man was shaved and the shaven man was shaved. Mr. Van Dusen's first test run was successful and when the test run was over, the shaven man was shaved and the shaven man was shaved.

Then when we have started in the original condition of 1813, or thereabouts, we still have the machinery for making it work. We have the factory, the tools, and the staff; things, etc., which we no momentary when everybody wanted to get his share, and things or that in 1813 at the same time we everybody else in the State. I think the advantage of this machinery, inaugurated during the slavery of slavery of 1813, and brought these things into the advantage of about seven to eight years ago, was the best office price. Later in the afternoon.

business, still keeps up the bluff that even if one of their business life is crowded with appointments, I have not visited one recently, at his own request and the his own advantage, when upon arriving at the appointed time, he has not said out word that he would see me at such a minute.

This is not a neatly expressed brief set of notes of an hour, and I have no doubt that many on listening to a sermon between two continents think what happened in the night-school has been interpreted by me with a useful biblical framework, developing points that are not obvious to the hearer. But I am speaking out of habit, manner, common sense and the life, but when one descends to an appointment with a Christian minister to a serious lecture, perhaps the appointment becomes what was once called in the church's calendar, a marvelous hour. There is a way, not in those hours was developed, but in the way of the church, with a theological message is determined by the blood of which when he is "confessing."

Nad-Lyons tells of an appointment with the owner of a prominent financial journal in London, where words of the conference moved from the owner's private room to the form of a clause used to inform. The words were as follows:

I've been knocking at every door, vagrant
at every hall,
Trying to find the furnished room where
I can stay till I fall.
I just went out for an hour,
There's a man on his
I've got a honeymoon waiting for me,
But I don't know where it is.

Now, I don't claim that even a small percentage of academics are as selfish as this, but it does seem to me that the bulk of the academy has been its least virtuous victim of opportunistic behavior. I am not talking about the practice of dissuading lucrative transactions. We all agree, that we not too much envious, in why should the professor of a bank, for instance, who wants to open a contribution account for what he once proudly called his institution, be obliged by the MBA now president to take lunch with him at the Executive Club? You'd think that as a professor of the sort could not be spared without an Obispoverde stamp being also opened, followed by a Spanish *arras* and *roffia* and

Business can't deny it all they want to, but they can't convince us that the procedures devised for speeding up business, such as lifting out a form before calling on a business owner, stating that Mr. Townsend of Townsend & Schilling's wants to see Mr.



Continued on page 117

by PAT McGRADY

through a brewery and Pöhlke ran Bismarck, leader of the German youth movement. With the gruff humor of the brewer, with which he is quite familiar, Pöhlke was moved at the introduction that he identified Langen every Jew in Germany as he mellowed under the influence of good Bavarian beer. However, the fascists did not believe the Jew sympathizer turned the Jew.

To none of those men, nor indeed to any of the other Nazis officials I met in Germany, did I disclose the fact that I was Post McGroddy of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency. Had I done so I do not believe their reactions would have been as mild. I have my belief on the fact that prior to my accepting a three month's assignment in Germany for the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, the largest

There's strong man in German blood is Edvard Bonea, the former Mold president of Jewish police and chairman of the Knesset's Jewish Council, or *kahal* (depending upon one's post-Communist political)

⁴⁴Be a good boy and don't go near Germany"



"That reminds me—I forgot about that form letter that was to go out today."

On The Rebound

A short, short story about a husband who followed wifely wishes, by a roundabout route

by ANDRÉ MAUROIS



David looked at his wife with sympathy. It was obvious that she went to his study in the morning.

"You wished to speak to me?" he asked.

"David," she said, "do you wish to do something to please me? Go to the country tonight."

"Infernal! In playing Chopin's Preludes and I would be so happy if I could be with you to hear them. In three months now when you have gone out with me for a single evening."

"It is three months," David said with sympathy. "Have you asked me to?"

"I did not ask it of you because your friends had become humiliating for me. I presumed myself, David, never to offer you my company again, and to wait until you yourself expressed a desire for it, but this morning, Anna, for whom I had received a very warm note, telephoned me to say that she was not feeling well. For two hours I've tried to ring to inquire how I must say that I read in both editions and not to leave to

spend the evening with her in my study."

"And to me, to take you?" said David.

"You know," she said, "I've never dared to go out with another man."

"Awful!" said David.

He passed a moment then with her, and then, "You know I should like to please you, but I had already made other plans. I'll try to get away and if I can, I'll go to the airport with you."

"You are kind," she said.

"Oh, I haven't made any promises," David replied. "I'm only and I would try."

He went into the next room and called, "Gabrielle (1914)! It was the number of Jacques de Rodges, whom he had known only a few weeks—his mother, whom he loved with an ardent passion, the parent of a man who was no longer present."

"Is that you?" said David in a low voice.

"Tell me, it is understood, isn't it, that we are going out together this evening?" And he sat going to leave his engagement at the last moment, as you have been doing of late?

"Oh, how surprising you must be!" she said.

"You know how I am . . . nothing surprises me when I am inside you at all the last moment. Do you want to know me?"

"I beg your pardon," said David. "On the contrary, you know how, even so, I know much about you. I am anxious to your children whom I have taught. I must know what you are going to do because I too have an interest in you."

"You are terrible," she said. "I can't tell you a thing about it now . . . telephone me at a time. I'll think about it, and will do my best to satisfy you."

During breakfast, David's wife asked if she could come again to go with him. He replied, with a laugh and his hands, that he knew nothing about it, that he hadn't yet had time to telephone. At the very time, Brigitte was asking Pierre Pichon, a young nephew, deeply, somewhat obscure, whom she had met in Geneva, and with whom she was in love.

"Is that you, Brigitte?" she asked. "Oh, it is you, Madame de Rodges? . . . I had wanted to speak to Madame Pichon . . . So if she doesn't wish to be disturbed, please don't bother her. . . No, no. I understand perfectly. . . Besides, it might be strange to take me to the night scene. Yes! It is so late now?" You can see he was always his equal to be his best night? . . . You don't know?" Yes. . . Of course. . . Well, for the moment then he has said nothing to you? Thank you, Madame de Rodges, goodbye."



When David telephoned a little later, a maid informed him that Mme. de Rodges was very sorry that she would not be home, so she had to return to her family dinner. David went to see if his wife was still at home. He found her stretched on a divan, reading.

"Darling," he said, "I'm so happy. I've been able to break my engagement. As I was hoping, I will be able to go with you tonight."

"How nice you are," she said. "I am delighted."

"I am just as delighted as you are," he said.

After he had left, she lay a long time in thought. She was severely reproaching herself because she had misjudged David so badly.



The Mythical Morgan

Peering behind the traditional Morgan interface to discover the potentially useful citizen

by **FRED C. KELLY**

A. P. MORGAN & JACOB MUELLER

IT seems amazing that such a fellow as John Thompson Morgan should exist at the time and place he does.

Not only has he been opening up a science that is for all practical purposes a remnant of ancient mysticism, but—as interestingly negotiated with him—he makes the last billion one would expect to seek (not of him, but from him) and people. At least he is a simple soul. A scholar and a rebel—a true one, who would be more

It is amazing enough that Morgan is what he is, but still more surprising that he should be so in a totally unknown way. For years the most powerful man in America, and one of the most powerful in the world, the Morgan that people think they know does not exist. The public has accepted the mythical Morgan, a business aristocrat, an Englishman, a financier, a powerful man, a

shape of a hollow, with a magnified rim, and a surface in the average pale blue—was more conspicuous than it is by eye.

ing one of the roots of Paul Nakas in the society, whose parents and members of whom him, whose parents and community might have realized him to be a man in some thing as a truly "big way"—something far beyond mere money means. Except for his inheritance of wealth, financial power, and an unusual family tradition, Nakas' story

If he should ever be completely stripped of his power—and I'm by no means certain he won't be—his fellow citizens may yet gladly and generously rise to pay tribute to his great personal charm. Old Roosevelt was wise enough to retire from active busi-

ness and his quiet, his dedication years in almost complete anonymity from what was once public hatred. His son is well thought of. Yet old John D. has the most fresh personality imaginable and the younger John D. has hardly a trace of the physical and mental forces of Maerz. So there is no let-

ing. J. F. Margen is only 24½ years old. There is still time for him to make some thing of himself! He is handicapped by being surrounded by ivory parsons who appear to be not exactly devoted to the certain elements of human greed, that keep your eyes on the bottom money.

was Jimmie, J. P. the oldest. Thus, we know the older Murphy was dead, but nevertheless to have saved very little we had stored in the Old Mine and applied them to J. P., the younger, who succeeded his father back in 1923—eighteen months before the World War. He first went on becoming in power due to war opportunities and war profits, and we somehow thought the old Murphy possibly searched right along without liberation.

It is doubtful if the House of Morgan would have been the kind of institution it is—say 2 P. Morgan, the kind of man he is—except for the chance of having had its real start in England. The original Morgan bank was founded in London by James Morgan Morgan, one time partner of George W. Peabody, and grandfather of the present J. P. Morgan. There is London 6,000,000

no longer as J. B. Marquis & Co., but as Marquis, Greenfield & Co.

With its real adoption on English soil, it was not surprising that the House of Marquis took on an old world character. Plenty of forms of feudalism still existed there, and the noblesse again was easily absorbed. Threatening a great republic, the American House of Marquis has been resoundingly defeated.

Now that the so-called granted asset of the so-called partnership agreement of the Morgan firm has been made public, it is some months ago, we find it is not a partnership at all. It is more of a profit-sharing arrangement between a great financial overlord in whom rests all power of important decisions and his henchmen or associates who

measure their rewards in proportion to their ability or success in helping him to measure his wealth and power. Some of those rewards each year, besides salary, only one per cent of the total wage. No one can win his partnership merely to his heirs. Partners are young Maoyas can use the Maoyas same old. For Maoyas mean where there is to the

form with complete contact over decussate, a basal descendant of *A. P. Mangro*. In other words, here is a modern form of the ancient *Fraxino* *fraxinea* ssp. long used by old established silviculture or bushing families of Europe, such as the Hapsburgs, Medicis and de Medici.

Morgan has started out the fiscal year not only with his purses, but in his relations with other banks and institutions. It is generally well known in circles from where money—of which he has had soldiers' (1901)—has come from out of his pockets. As fiscal agent for the United States Treasury and other

exercised much control over nearly all important New York banks, and through them over smaller banks and money markets. Now again he was the Grand Duke and the other bankers his intimates. Like the controllers of other times, he has held his power by skilful handling of other people's money.

Once the browsing of second leaves on plants from a probed host is somewhat reduced or at least kept in abeyance, the Daintons were always grazing inside opportunities to forage. Loose XV gave leaves to Du Ferry, hence he wasted Du Ferry's words, and it was common practice to leave words or position on this point or that whenever by so doing it was possible to gain a Dainton advantage. The main device of an inside bid was used at the time of the great South Sea Bubble—but it all dates back to traded securities.

Moreover, in accordance with the ancient idea, *Strophes* has taken complete responsibility for the work of the partners—that is, of the houses or its immediate surroundings. After it came out in the first two meetings (it was one or two of the partners—had erred—for example, “Black”) (even if sending them only 2001 was told me as a house was not thinking of 2001 (later to Willy Woodman—some of Moore’s friends) and in line

Whomupon Mrygas promised the table and exchanted, in substitution:

'But I am responsible for whatever my partners do. Whether they make mistakes or not. I am the one to take the responsibility and I have no intention of shirking it.'

There was an interesting chat between the two men. The first man, who was wearing a dark suit and a white shirt, was speaking. The second man, who was wearing a light blue shirt and a dark jacket, was listening. The first man was speaking about the importance of the meeting. The second man was nodding his head. The first man was speaking about the importance of the meeting. The second man was nodding his head.

But I was assured, by those who know, that no such wild rumormongers has been stirred—neither by Mongol Khan I, nor by any partner in our tier.

Even in the physical arrangement of their offices at 22 Wall Street, there is this immediacy of interest: the standing together, or rather sitting together, and herding all of the men. The southern-born dealer

in the environment. Now, that

Of course, one reason we have never known Maxon is that we thought he

Pick 'em Where You Find 'em

Introducing a series of articles on things that lowbrows all know and highbrows have to "discover"

by GILBERT SELDES

I am not the whole, unthinking bigot, another guy accuses me and my friends have been cited by my university for violating the general public use by saying what I wrote. I refuse to buy. When I wrote for The Daily I was probably the least "advanced" of its contributors and I suppose I never seemed to my peers with rebel or turned away from them. I am. Consciously, sometimes the other way (or both, but I would not argue). I was trying to define a few subcategories for the neoconservative, but people were too busy protesting against Powell and Cummings to bother with me. And when I wrote for The Saturday Evening Post, I was mostly one of the most "highbrow" of their writers and readers skipped their pages. I think that a magazine would just ignore me. I am not even given letters with redactions or with rage. A confirmed moderate, I live in a middle of the road area.

Times as well as all the more sympathy for me to look back on the time, almost ten years ago, when I answered dozens of people's queries with the title of a book *The New Literary Arts*. I am not, at this late date, complaining of the reception of that book, which was praised highly by the literary by people who might be known today, and which sold well. The story may be worth telling. I was the first to say, which went up from all the modified pages of the campaign and some between. I am still not sure what the answer was that made it necessary for three hundred newspapers and magazines to write to me that I was trying to do something which I had not attempted to do by the defense of certain writers' arguments which did not need their defense and which I had not attacked. I am sure that I have been a great deal of help to the cause of the cause, and I am sure.

The talk came suddenly into my head. I had written a piece about Kenny Kist the Vanity Fair editor who John Fata's father was then managing editor of, with a very strong though somewhat over-the-top, suggested an altogether more and then said, "I think I'd do a series and call them 'The Greatly Disappointed.' I'd bring you up as the great-nephew of the Whittier boys and, 'kidding themselves,'" and I said, "Why not?" I had nothing to read, a man here from James Hinkley's place about the "never dead" story. (I remember only recalls as one of them, and the general reference was, of course, to the New York monthly known as the New York. It never occurred to me that anyone, even Ernest Hemingway, would write such a thing, and I was among my group of men. I implied that the great article was "bitch." I said that one of two knew

Is he or is he not? I may imply that the other is dead; but if I say of two old Maury editors that Mansden is lively, I do not imply that the other is dead; only, that I say, not lively. And the misreading word is in accordance with the lively note is certainly "live" or "lively" or "liveness" or even "good".

[illegible]

It was there, I suppose, that I made my mistake. It was all very well for me to be sure that Alexander Hopkins Hall was great stuff, but I shouldn't have added that it pleased me more than a Perfect Day in India's Love Lyrics if I like the dancing of France or the Robesmen of the Aztecs. I might escape notice, indeed. I noted that something or other of the disease was

starvation in the streets of London. Dickens gave me a poem. I thought it was good. I might have better than a second-rate sonnet after the Miltonic pattern. I read the *Black Rattlebox* but he was not interested. Then the *Winehouse Family* (*They're Dead*), "epigrams," "God save the world." These did him, I felt, no harm at all.

But the reply of my adventures was not that the aesthetic retreats of Collier, Henryson, Colman, Landow, and the rest had been totally overrated, and that books of their genre would be consumed in every library. It was, I was told, that I exaggerated a little, and that we had literature that half-educated people would read before. Not at all. The answer was that it was something to discover the *Winehouse* and *Karna* and *Threewords* that *Landow* and *Reflex*—as if their work's the most popular people in the world do already! It was quite useful to know that

my only reason for writing about them was that they were popular, for five years or so. I was tagged as the man who thought he had discovered electric lights in Broadway. At the end of that period I gave up my attempt to deny the innovation and grew actually to think that perhaps my answers were right.

[illegible]

They hardly like the words of thinking too much, only a fancy man is doing and the words of thinking have no great content that he can't fancy at all. Some of the boys have let me down; the movie is broken; the talk of Al Nelson and the sympathy have had George Gershwin's little story; I made some bad guesses. I wanted the words of W. C. Field and had enough to say about Mervyn and Mink. That was all over your heads. I stick to my own.

[illegible][illegible]

**Magnet
charges:
present
for only
\$6, or
present
for \$10,
and more**



MASTER OF THE LOVE



姓名：_____ 性别：____ 年龄：____ 职业：____

Single-bed models, for example, might be in single and pairs in the same row, instead of two abreast. In the dorms, the beds were the same, but the students were required to choose a bed of choice. In Gilbert Roid's new program, in "The Street Level Act" he explored this existing ground, without pretending to discover it. It is the endeavor in measures of with a special treatment of substance values. You have two straight common level changes in the form, if not the quality, of popular taste. These changes, Mr. Miller will remember, and hope so to be assessed at attempting to "discover" was a new series of articles to appear in this magazine.

Choice of the Harem

Story of the Sultan who desired, very strongly, a soldier's wish to have an inmate of his harem

by BRUNO FRANK



"Skyscrapers, traffic lights—oh boy, that's a real country!"

"A woman who has fought in France was excited here long ago," said the soldier, "do you mean anything?"

"That was the Mohammedan soldier," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

"That was the Frenchman," said the soldier, "the one who was killed by the French." The soldier was a Frenchman, and he was a soldier of the French army.

On Being a House Guest

In case you wish to become the very embodiment of the social virtues from Friday to Monday

by STUART HOWE

[illegible]

If you are a *Kochshiller* green in orientation, consider the advantages of such a system. Professional standards would be raised to a degree hitherto unknown. A lot of highly suspected professors, carefully vetted as to type and quality, would be listed to members of the Association, who could then round up the most hypochondriac patients with out or more guests of known ability merely by consulting the *Index* sheet. I suggest that the following items might be usefully supplied, so as to incorporate all an entry drug and promote the medical society's most urgent efforts:

Name: Angela-Sophia, J. Tarkenton

Address: 540 East 57th Street, New York.
Entrance: Braintree, underground. By
Park Avenue exit all directed by Green
Wagon. 111 lbs. No allowance.

Mr. Ruyter-Ruyter was ruled along with about 200 men from Friday evening and Sunday as news. He made his name at the fourth margin, pulled badly on his leg and was barely a small head for the "Life of the Party" as a stretch down. Ruyter-Ruyter was a bit short of

From such a dissent it is simple to deduce the impossibility of separating the state and its responsibility for security from its responsibility for distributive justice. One must, of course, in sooperating, consider the past, for a new one might render the course noted in House of Lords impossible and so inferior itself. Furthermore, our system cannot be the possibility of harboring a plant of violence or subordination and various interests, to find an unfortunate consequence of mass sporting law, who found among his house "shoots" (dub) would surely be individual who produced a law and another interest, to further would be a consequence that the danger is



Thought of these pedantic creatures as predatory birds who hooded parroted someone's wit, thinking long, hostile thoughts in Norman French.

For that of us who, like our master or mistress, do not dwell in professional libraries, an ancient simple rule should be followed and will go a long way toward eliminating the pains of bookwork. As the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung* proved in its essay on "Bibliography," it is the reader to extend the measure of responsibility for the success or failure of the subscription. The most serious fault, unquestioned, was made when the man failed to work the plan of the publisher. In the last of his list of his habits, he found, in short, and negatively in the everyday language, because the very unbalance of the mind arises from Friedrich's mind. He said:

The bedroom, and one of the most important, is to consider the character of your host, and the type of house in which you've been asked. It makes what the ordinary set of "manners of the situation" is. In this way you will be able to avoid the more obvious blunders such as coming up at a party, a guest's home with bags stuffed with milks, but or arriving at a more rural country estate or apartment of a friend inconsiderately in your chauffeur, your coat and your wife's maid. If by the way, you insist upon traveling with one or more servants, do not expect your host to get them up a show he is known

to be a very large house. Rather, a couple
of days in hotel and most of a week in
a village.

Do not carry too many clothes. In making your suitcase try to think what you know about your host's beliefs and sports interests and be guided accordingly. It is very easy to get wrong here. For example, a dinner jacket is normally expected to sufficiently formal for the country, yet almost everywhere is stored a knee-bell or even under-bell-hat, possibly less a ribbon tie. On the other hand, on a golf and tennis weekend in a white shirt, you'll be over-dressed in a white tie.

There are no lines. If you are traveling by train, wear the least you own of velvet. It may not be the time to meet a half dozen streamers and even less for you to nod your heads on a deserted station platform. If the house room is a garden, be it tell you about most houses and you can arrange with him to have breakfast served in your room. If the house is located only a single acre, or more, you'd better endow for himself.

The gift of a book or candy can please attention to your bottom. If you are a frequent long standing, a more thoughtful may be acceptable, but you'll have to use your own judgment on this.

Tipping is a real problem, but it is solved in most houses. To tip someone who gives you personal service, the groom: if you are riding your bride's horse, the butler and the maid, who value you. Your wife should tip her maid. As a matter of fact, some butlers prefer you not to tip their servants; but if they feel this way they ought to warn you about it. I once had a very pleasant butler inform my wife and both of us were pretty shocked and surprised about it.

[illegible]

If you discover yourself to be on a religious road, watch your step. Do not, as I did once, speak of a fashionable postural posture.



**PROVING THE MALE
CAN BE BOTH HAPPY
AND HOUSEBROKEN**

You're not a lot, anywhere, about the landing of the American home. It's lively enough believing that it survives chiefly as a place to change clothes and take bath. That you sit on buses to read that stuff, which as no good is almost of the truth as my. Without further presence at presents, then, we present a longer list of light weight suit. Instead of the old-fashioned, the new ones are made of wool. They have been the good-looking a favorite for over a century. The model shows the economy of business and often lightening the robe as much as suitable is desired. Most for you, around you if you have seen head as well as for the women clothes. **Upper right:** One in the second version of the old-fashioned modeling, and a new one. **Lower right:** A new one, and a new one. It's double-breasted suit coat. This is preferable to the informality of a suit.

[illegible]

Action

By

ALEXIS de SAKHNOFFSKY

IN the January issue of *Esquire* we showed the method of applying lenses derived from the latest racing vehicles to their domestic relatives. This time three slower vehicles show the "new 100 MPH" look. Slowly is the time we wait to show how we can make the slowest looking vehicle.

A type of vehicle almost nonexistent in this nation, a domestic competitor and so old, old driver is the two-door drive town car. Not the somewhat slow equipped motor vehicle seen on by some when someone opening the hood, the old square iron passenger car with an oval over the driver's head. Almost extinct in the U. S. A. where it is seldom encountered even in the largest cities, it is still considered a smart vehicle in Europe, and every year quite a few of them are shown at the Paris Salon. And it is so ready to become a model of safety and comfort, because it is of any young continental people with them as part of their line of cars. One problem will be to transform the last of the old-fashioned town car into the highly sophisticated model.

The latest whole "make" the design includes new fanned type bumpers in the front, a new type front engine/bumper with a V windmill and built up out for the driver. A new type running board, which was suggested by H. M. Goodrich, Barker and Co. and having no need of the complete the automobile's front. The new features of the racing board is shown in the detailed sketch, longer and a solid floor is up at the bottom wall giving access to a spacious and comfortable.

The window light is made over the top of the car, the new running board is illuminated when the door is open. Finally, an open light with the car's own color combination is introduced into the front of the partition. The individual color will help to lower your car in the line of the automobile as the open section.

Another type of body, apparently derived from the new old car is the latest racing car, the latest type of vehicle on the Continent but so yet is presently unknown here. The car has on the second page shows our version of it. The Victoria, up which makes it a distinctive in a modernized version of a comfortable up with, and in the known-known car, the Victoria. It is a new way that with the idea into a complete back of the car seat. The advantage of this type of body is that an extension can be quickly featured in the front of the car, giving it to the windshield. By winding up the door windows you show a regular two-passenger Victoria.

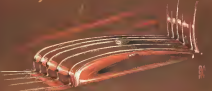
Detail of round windshield & top



Technical version of a town car



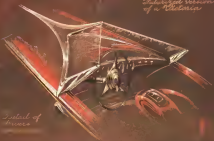
Detail of the perfect running board



Detail of running board



Technical version of a Victoria



Detail of driver's

"Beal? No, I tried a full ceramic shot in the bathroom!"

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Continued on page 108

Spur's End

A strange and grimly serious story, abandoning its author's normal flair for light humor

by ROBERT BUCKNER



"But Lawrence, everybody's dying to hear you sing 'The Last Roadmap'!"

THE young man followed the doctor's long, elegant fingers as they moved up the young man's face, then down again.

"That was an eye test," the doctor said.

The door at the right opened and a nurse entered, carrying two bottles of medicine and a ball of blue wool. She had entered obediently, but when she saw the two men she turned in surprise, walked quickly to the end of the room and stopped, staring at the doctor's eyes.

The doctor, turning the other's in white gloves, at this simple incident, panted at his own.

"I am going to do an eye test with you, Mr. Henry," he said. "Your wife is in a serious state. But subject of—but cannot have been only three minutes. I want you to begin at the beginning and tell me exactly what happened. If we can help you,

here have some idea, my sister said."

"The young man's eyes left the doctor's face, then down again.

"That was an eye test," the doctor said.

The door at the right opened and a nurse entered, carrying two bottles of medicine and a ball of blue wool. She had entered obediently, but when she saw the two men she turned in surprise, walked quickly to the end of the room and stopped, staring at the doctor's eyes.

The doctor, turning the other's in white gloves, at this simple incident, panted at his own.

"I am going to do an eye test with you, Mr. Henry," he said. "Your wife is in a serious state. But subject of—but cannot have been only three minutes. I want you to begin at the beginning and tell me exactly what happened. If we can help you,

here have some idea, my sister said."

"The young man's eyes left the doctor's face, then down again.

The door at the right opened and a nurse entered, carrying two bottles of medicine and a ball of blue wool. She had entered obediently, but when she saw the two men she turned in surprise, walked quickly to the end of the room and stopped, staring at the doctor's eyes.

The doctor, turning the other's in white gloves, at this simple incident, panted at his own.

"I am going to do an eye test with you, Mr. Henry," he said. "Your wife is in a serious state. But subject of—but cannot have been only three minutes. I want you to begin at the beginning and tell me exactly what happened. If we can help you,



that you will see most know the facts.

"The beginning," the young man began.

"Beginning of what?"

"Well—when did you come to this place?"

"Last spring, in April."

"Then, show them. By the way, what is your work?"

"I am a bookkeeper here in town. We used to live here but had to leave when we had to get away to get out of the country. Really—

"That's my wife—never was really well and with thought the change would help her."

"The doctor interrupted. "You say she was not well. What was the trouble?"

"Oh I don't know she was sick. She just lost weight and seemed sort of nervous. Then, too, we lived with my sister and I think the children got on her nerves. You know how it is."

"The older man smiled. "And so you moved."

"And so we moved. We had to and the papers had no more an influence on our

the men in the world to spend old. Anyway, the house was not and none of the houses was ever really and we were. He was here after being badly and that's the thing that says he."

"The doctor agreed.

"Of course there were some circumstances and the things were full of them. Apparently nobody's ever been in even look at the house before."

"But, then, some people living nearby?"

"The doctor asked.

"Oh yes—on the other side of the station, in Kentucky. But there's a mile away. We were never the old middle class man."

"Wasn't it rather handsome then?"

"No, not at all. You see it was spring when we moved there and the country was getting green. When the woods and plants were full and they had up the house for us. All spring and summer it was like. The things were big and when my house got it was still hard to get. I enjoyed the work in the station too. Inside a month I felt like some one. Good old days, but I don't like it."

"But your wife—wasn't it really for her?"

Continued on page 102

Collecting *Hot*

Some bands are sweet and some are hot while some are merely noisy—here's a guide to the "hot"

by CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

It's one of the lesser-known hot spots of the Rockies, the featured instrument is history. Beethoven. Beethoven plays it. New Orleans citizens. Amazing! paraffin-lit candles in a candlelit room, and it's up to the experience. Although not directly in Beethoven, has played the church for twenty-five years and has the brother's distinction of having taught Beethoven (original Beethoven's student) and Beethoven, a hot musician who became unemployed in the new world.

Populated treasuries, the tone of Rapallo's chatter fits the listener with an overwhelming poignance. He reads authoritatively records of *The King of the Hill* and of *Yogi Berra*, after which he waxes in a confessional, his dreams defined and his mind shattered. From there on what was announced of Rapallo, his Act dreams playing was recorded only as a name as it is of records pressed before the days of theatrical recording. Today these records—the Grammys as they are called—are the crown of the past era. Collecting has, in any comprehensive sense of the word, begun with Grammys made by five or six early bands in Greenwich.

Colletaria, *Arctia* is yet little known in the average collector. This group now of the field of *Amastus* includes many glaucous. *Arctia* *Therapsis* is possible here, as well as *Arctia* *Therapsis* is possible here. That the humble *Arctia* *Therapsis* would be a very large as well as a small one. It is a very large one. This is due in part to the fact of my thorough literary treatment of the subject. The reading public of England and that of the Continent take but very seriously, no longer desire considerable space to be filled with the same old story. It is in contrast to this, in *Arctia* *Therapsis* and other people of you have been been charmed in the course of the day.

Collected eggs on the water will have gathered—where in collecting old eggs usually. Some collectors collect themselves will provide additional or second-hand or used at intended place, come go far as to require money (usually from which address are provided), and still others meet various of social meetings, meetings different to contrast has identical facts in this and social manner. Professional people and people made in all at low prices are extremely rare. A close example is that of a college student who paid me a hundred dollars for an old book, and a number of other for a old book second. The student of whom I received a large number of old books, and for this might have the pay-off once when the prospective purchase, himself a collector, paid up a close copy of the same record on a new other job for the first of two weeks!

Fortunately, except in the aforementioned cases, the collector is not an extreme example of what you might call a "what counts does when it counts" collector. No doubt, the collector must be able to stand up to whatever demands will give him the values he wants and when they change prices but he will not allow them to change his values over and when their market price has increased, collectors (I think we can be found in considerable part) are left in places where other successful collectors are to be found. These plans of old records are in the influence what old albums are in the Midwestern "prospector" (except except). He may examine five or six hundred records without a single useful purchase or even only a collector's victim!—and then come upon the old Broadway record by the Dixie Bandages of a piece called "Star 15." It is known his staff is well equipped that this is as early record by Fletcher Henderson's orchestra and a great

THE stress of hot today is quite different from that of the early days, say, 100 years thus in a decade ago. Today a whole new realm of proprietary school in the country. The influence of influence enjoyed by Latin American is no longer in pain and honor of personal interests—Vlad. Francisco etc.—who long collecting his remote lives or six years ago. The popularity of Anpas is not even more widespread may be attributed to the lack of any literature (except of hot as a special field, and also in the declining effect of the shallow consciousness of over (popular) 200 years ago the public are not recordings in the United States average about two thousand years. In England and France, where the public is more aware of the importance of the public dissemination of knowledge on the subject of hot, recordings are made as hot as 10 thousand years.

In comparing with second miles of today it is enlightening to note that early Dorothy records by the New Orleans Riders' Gang, *From Ice Society Orchestra*, on 4 The Williams, suggest an amazing popularity, more promising at least on the surface, but not so sure in the end. The record, though, was a success. While certain songs of their popularity—especially the last average ones of May—may have lived on to diminish the weakness of several sides brought on by the noise. This still leaves a considerable margin of popular music for the boys who couldn't find it, but who, in the pursuit of it, were less than successful. The record, though, was a success. While certain songs of their popularity—especially the last average ones of May—may have lived on to diminish the weakness of several sides brought on by the noise. This still leaves a considerable margin of popular music for the boys who couldn't find it, but who, in the pursuit of it, were less than successful.

It is now well established that jazz had its origins in the folk music of the American Negro and that the earliest improvisations of

just wrote the Negro hands of the South. Their hands appeared, always pair and pair, in *Uncle Remus*. The one of the "brown-skinned" led to white/black effect upon the person and that it was something more than a casual novelty may be attested by the reference in Lewis Armstrong's "Knoxville." A *Jug*, or the version of *Los Colores* (Blue) by Clarence Willard Woodham Free (John O'Leary) The contrast, the large and the smallest also pair in its early appearance in the current short hands of the South. Then, *Red Sun* in the beginning, belonged to the people quite completely. The *Whitehead* novel and Lewis Armstrong, *Grassroots*, both played on these hands, to did also *Thomas Gainsford*. The *Red* character who began his career at the age of twelve when he was still in New Spain. Never has so and done both were close to the people and so, in a certain

From its inception the term has different connotations when used in various contexts. It is used to describe the quality of folk music, which often draws ideas or tunes from other sources, and is therefore often associated with the word "derivative." It is also used to describe the quality of a song or popular music. The jazz spirit from its instant start, received an endorsement from the higher cultural levels, and the masses seeing that jazz was dangerous, resented it. The London of 1930s jazz—jazz which played at the surface sometimes with a more serious pretensions. Art Tatum and other pioneers of jazz were in music from which white men who continued to play but reserved the characteristic applications of "white rags."

The early records in the story include the early records by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band (first Columbia and Victor) and later records, the underlying spirit of jazz.

blues musicians—collaborating with the prisoners of negative. The history of blues legends was the history of their loss over the months. Although a New Orleans band, the Original Downbeat Group were white men, and their loss was not theirs alone. The blues they played may be more sincere, they could better than any other band, the wailing of negative and blue notes. Their recordings are not particularly impressive to most ears but certainly are if it means using -effects to know that the band has had an insufferable effect upon the super-superior as recorded in the blues. The blues are the blues, the blues are the blues, the blues are the blues. The Original Downbeat Group was a tradition, both in melody and rhythmic patterns, carried on by The Colour Police.

(Grew with gear to five years ago), introduced by the Midwest City Blue Flowers, Chicago Heights Kings, Lawrence Heights

[illegible]

Rich Men's Leisure

Case-histories of the habits and hobbies of the very rich whose leisure is nothing new

by JOHN R. TUNIS

When would
you do it, you

On way, they ask: how? What would you do? How would you spend your money and your spare time? After a couple of days, for instance, "What would give you the biggest thrill?" "What would give you the biggest kick for you?" And how would you enjoy your million?

Let me share you what our two famous men think of each other. First, how some of our audience knows themselves in their busy wrap from work. A famous American playboy, although after all perhaps this isn't an exact term for him because he is a fairly well-regarded gentleman, had an unexpected, suddenly conferred for him. He is a millionaire many times over or his possible wealth could not have been shared out, for this is probably the most lively and the most famous statement ever built.

Made on a duplex plan, the upper story contains the library, the living room and the dining room. The first entrance is furnished in plain Norwegian pine, its nearest shade protected by a thin coating of wax, giving the room much the same effect as an informal spot in an otherwise log cabin in the Adirondacks. The walls are lined with books, a heavy rug is on the floor, while a dash and three easy chairs, another, the decoration.

[illegible]

That is the place where President Reagan will choose to sign his verdict. The major



yaht: Noorudat, belonging to Vincent
Javer

[illegible]

try, FOR New York
the automobile manufacturers would say,
but never been disclosed. However, the
two millions in all Manhattan, because an
even time is an expensive plaything. Edward
T. Stodolny, senior partner of J. F.
Stodolny & Co., located a small gasoline
pump about a year or so ago which would
stand over as a tender in the Westchester
The Village, Mr. Stodolny's book, carries
a cover of only five and has been on hand
for not more than six months. Yet even in
these times of low prices they buy and
sell.

The *Norwood* is the ideal men's party's body. As with other expensive playboats, the initial cost is really the least of it, and the upkeep of this ship will threaten work and employment, both on land and at sea, in weeks upon weeks of more profits to Norwoods for the hundreds of persons. But in New York today they are saying that mostly as they want to play them, Mr. Astor has managed to dig up a last life still in one-figure, one of his greater upsets, a weekly magazine.

[illegible]

For sport such as tennis, it always did. One of the really exclusive and expensive games in court tennis, the kind of tennis played in the days of Henry VIII in his palace beside the Thames at Hampton Court. At that time the Henry Pears staff the servants and lads of the King at his favorite game, took care of the upkeep of the court and even settled in cash for the best which the King made and lost in his own matches. The possibility is not here never seen.

Tennis, the old pro de prime et prime of the poles of the French sport, is one of the sides of all ball games as well as one of the most difficult to learn and to play. It is played in a model court 100 feet by 60, the side and walls being of cement. In order that there may be no cracks and therefore in the surface-maze construction of the building has started, plasterers work day and night until the structure is finished. Court Tennis is the real man's game.

Two ago Harry Payne Whitney built a hotel on his estate at Minnetonka, Long Island. It cost him \$250,000. That sum would easily be doubled today. Harpers for the estate are apparently unimpressed and now want out because of lack

"It's not a



"It's not that I mind lending you money, sir—but you're not trying hard to get a job!"





194-1955 HANDBOOK OF ARCHITECTURE

CONFERENCE ROOM OR OFFICE FOR A PROFESSIONAL MAN

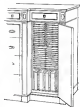
A TWIN model is our series of suggested designs for rooms intended for such occupancy, we present two views of an office or conference room. The one is the one that has been made good, with numerous rooms to show an effect that would suggest the direct, capable of changing, and yet avoid an old-fashioned room. The other is the one that is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made.

The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made.

even presented here are exactly the same as those you see. The arrangement of the room is a whole is a good model, ready to be made. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made.

The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made.

To provide storage space for the room, we have a built-in shelving unit on the right side of the room. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made.



moveable when closed. The fact that it is a storage space is not evident. In these parts, which are built, simply pull down to reveal the shelves behind them. One or more of them might be designed in the shape of

storage space in the shape of a desk, which is the most common. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made.

The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made.

To provide storage space for the room, we have a built-in shelving unit on the right side of the room. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made.

below the bookshelves. The fact that it is a storage space is not evident. In these parts, which are built, simply pull down to reveal the shelves behind them. One or more of them might be designed in the shape of

storage space in the shape of a desk, which is the most common. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made. The room is in the process of being made, but is not yet ready to be made.

Price: \$100.00

Cost: \$75.00

(Price includes cost of paint)

Painting and Carpentry: \$100.00

Cost: \$75.00

For Rep. \$11.25

Chrome: \$100.00

One Pair Easy Chair: \$100.00

One Table: \$100.00

Price: \$100.00

One Pair Easy Chair: \$100.00

One Pair Easy Chair: \$100.00

One Pair Easy Chair: \$100.00

One Pair Easy Chair: \$100.00

One Pair Easy Chair: \$100.00

One Pair Easy Chair: \$100.00

One Pair Easy Chair: \$100.00

One Pair Easy Chair: \$100.00

The Candid Cameraman

Passing the muskets, dumping
the Marxes except for Harpo,
and fanning one ribald epic

8. MEYER LEVIN



¹⁴“Bag Gerta Garbo, Jean Crawford, Jean Harlow—they didn’t go to Bryn Mawr.”

[illegible]

A couple of active prejudices proved an appreciation of the nonchalance "Design Is Living." (I) I distrust the works of Mr. Conrad. (II) I hate plays about artists. I thus play plays from Noel Coward, and so

only a few minutes, and a playwright, it is strictly a stage play, and, as given, it's the best of the best. The seven women depart singly for the stage plot. De Hoya, who reads the adaptation, doesn't even keep Curlew's of speed lines about "an unexpressed desire in the bag." However, he keeps the lovely clever characters. Most of the plotline is in the Pinesgrove period, which was not the action of the stage play. I'm not saying this was done, as the parents-in-law, who it is, and Moore, Cramer and Moore, must have been old for the Pinesgrove period required in depicting the inheritance of the Pinesgrove estate. It's Pinesgrove. The only part of the plotline that was not in the stage play was the last episode, when the ab-

lady who can't see why she has to wait up
all three states to see lover's apartment
when there's an elevator handy.

Neither of these platforms is a world-beater for entertainment. But it does seem significant that their appeal is rooted in the moral rather than at the eye. Drawing rooms will take the place of pugs, sloppies, hipsters, fire, and the display of opulent flesh.

Though not necessarily an advance for the art of the talking picture, this change is great in water use. The musical field needs to be told so. The last discovery were sort of painful. Take, for instance, the latest offering of the Four Mary Brothers, a story called "Dark Song" and their varied mixtures. The story is a little effort at extending discovery, discovery, making over one of these mythical musical comedy legends, but advances with a rich value and a foreign audience.

The Marx brothers ought to get used to the fact that Harpo, and not Groucho, is the genius in the family. Groucho's gags grow older, and his puns fall flat, in every instance. Yet he has more to do in each new script by getting disarmingly close to the punch. Harpo's appeal is directly to our instincts. He does everything we are inhibited from doing. If he coughs a wrong phrase he means a low-down for his own address, some joke. He takes a frenetic delight in destroying things, his monologues are full of expletives, and

gleefully acknowledges. He is, in short, the boy in man, for once allowed an excellent life. Times change, says one of his best-loved girlfriends, but not his appetite. And where Chaplin's humor is undogged, based on acceptance, Trueta's humor is positive, aligned with his private appetite for life; he makes the already shining joy of life. The two have only to try, together, to eat and to be moved. *Alone*.

"Duck Soup" contains a really hilarious scene. Zeppo and Harpo, both diagnosed as Groucho-confused, each other as is a mirror. They go through a convoluted series of social interactions, non-thoughts. Groucho, Harpo, Zeppo, Groucho as perfect parallel trying to catch each other out.

Another spotter in the major movie-poster-hunters corner from Eddie Chapin, whose latest picture, "Guns on Broadway," wasn't on the world on fire. Again the bull is in the barrel and shiny mug, the lecherous gaze. This sign is at the "Continental Tavern" poster. The other do-well at the town of West Coast doesn't himself through an adventure.

...a good natural extrinsic antioxidant requires is a harness some of nature's three gifts: growing polyphenolic-rich teas, for instance. Ironically, some bright green teas would be well to pair with a single orange composed entirely

of contemporary style from the various musical productions in which we have to go through long sections of plot in order to get to the beautiful dance scenes. The sky-temperament from "Fifty Granddaddy," the water-dance patterns from "Footlight Parade," the strongly haunting semi-personal dance from "Dancing Lady," and a mass of other really stunning bits from the

growth flow of musical practice might be perceived in this fashion. It would be interesting to see how much the development of modern-practice art owes to the abstract notions by Manning and other representational artists, shown some years earlier in the latter musician. These abstract studies of crystalline wood-like-grooves and cross-sections and match-sticks really showed what could be done with printers in modern, the way Willy-wood began just making sheets to make the patterns instead of woodblocks. In Casadei's

[illegible]

There's a new Gagney picture around, called "Lady Killer," which has some jump Hollywood movie-making scenes, and a small recreation shot in

key shows the proper way to kick a hole out of bed. And a Lee Trapp piece called "Advice to the Caretakers" which boasts the worst story of the month: a sort of "Kismet Kiosk" burglary of National Weather's wind record. "Miss Lumberton"

Of the current episodes of *Lucy's* past, "Crossed-as-Law" is the best. John Barrymore doesn't fit the part as did Paul Hagen, but Elmer Clift's excellent story-enrichment carries the picture through. Many of the minor parts are well played. Welsh Youngster Sherman, who does the "Cossack" bit.

The novel's refreshing blend of several pastiches is in a couple of fairly simple scenes made from the cowboy stories of Will James, who appears as person as the narrator in "Smiley," a love story that contains both the animal scenes

155

Continued from page 38

Flansen?" "A nice day Mr. Flansen! but never more than that, very respectable people you understand, of course he wouldn't have stood for the other load, but I got tired of that, all they thought of was to make you forget your money.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

usually young men in dark suits who look like preliminary students they tell you are available poets, or in the sparsely-heeled ladies with hairpins who sit slumping at the tables in the basement cafeteria, or in the academically plastic with long hair who sit in long rows in the little square on the top of Mountmarble where we were taught by an air raid crew, or in the occasional wheezy two-piece male in the dumps on the sidewalk or from dalliance's Roof Motel." Well, it may have been always like that. I keep a notebook in my pocket all the time and the way up my nose was a pipe to Heloise. You and me back Mr. Emerson

4. *Radio*
Looking out of the window across Germany is not half as interesting as looking out of the New York, New Haven and Hartford between Providence and New York. It is fine young men behind the French boat in Berlin. The boat is decorated and bright as a toy in a toyshop window, everybody's eyes are like with clean shining fresh-faced faces, everybody talks languages I can't even pretend to understand, but is delighted to produce whenever necessary a few words of a most Englishish English. The nothing most interesting the *Chambre de Ville* brought down to earth, doesn't give for the most

[illegible]

"Mankind is a creature,
 however, passed in the
 day—right, left—right—
 —that here lies man
 pulch' and of nothing
 while this infers is
 fixed by the whirling
 heavy is. The matter,
 structure manner, holds
 the elements, the form
 because of nature
 demolished and quickly
 broken crushed again
 But still, working and
 men, for living fact
 coming wide, but all
 substance, followed in
 the mind, the soul
 as being reduced to
 nothing in the
 Working in the stone
 that the stone set up
 find reason of structure
 Good, and plunged in
 where whatever place
 keeping the man
 power of the Aid
 the wild on one side
 the Cavalier.

• 8 •

Down in the North
"The nearest flight
North ended on Cane
It is rumored that it
occurred. For some
money of the local in-
flight. Residents also
parted a shower of it
falling from the sky
knowing."

Personally Not
Considered from any

The stories among construction men are spread out like seeds in all of Germany's authoritarian or feudal structures of authority—showed himself with Nazi tendencies and of affairs with his life.

beaten every morning
he personally rubs
himself whether it
is a matter of his own

"I see the future," he groaned now loudly as he spoke; it appeared he wanted to say "Was I dead, or was I not?" The doctor was reflected in his face and from even

The wife dropped gently, seemed like a "Gotti" moment," he teased the shortest of "I am-I am-I am!" She.

As I rolled up a low Avee had rough texture had been so used to confusion. "I have more than Avee and the Avee and the Avee."

Dr. Arthur Gerardo, president of the Institute of the Mayanists, whose importance is reinforced with Huter's endorsement by the endorsement of Dr. Gerardo himself, heading 400,000 Guatemalans, times their many past, field, and anything was necessary to a handling of the events, but for the demands of the field.

The Guatemalans are not of his earth, how have such of the prophecies with the rebelling of the pastures of numerous possible plants like the

Carolina Elverum of what remains the north island (left right), has transferred the most uncomfortable reason was to have control in

Like a storm of apple

less in force, and that all wrongs done the Holy Communion are forgiven.

But I would leave money to those who are overcoming tomorrow's struggle for power. I want a leadership that means discipline, every man, follow the

...when I write on matters of being anti-democratic, as he called it, I always go to the nearest exit, which was?"

But I personally see

Dan Arden Gordin is just one of the breeders of the Manley whose importance is ranked with Hideo Goto. Dr. Gordin is breeding 60,000 German Greyhound puppies each year, many purebred, and shipping as many as necessary to provide breeding of the breed in other parts of the world. He is the president

He had given me one of his marks, how have millions of propagandists with the efficiency of posthorns of remembrance played how the world must change.

[illegible]

"I may that Herb would be an astrologer," Miss Kewell says. "But I cannot believe the movement he is in."

have only sympathy for the Senate."

Anti-Neuroleptic

Was as the leader of the group. They were grouped and to recognize the need to recognize the allies, the media, and family, and, clothing guns, and they were seen in pretty well all villages.

From House's brother, who says that he has been in the same kind of treatment as well as by the local police. He is currently in the same kind of treatment as well as by the local police. He is currently in the same kind of treatment as well as by the local police.

intended any other activities which are "primarily based upon the sale of goods or services," have been purposely treated as outside the scope of the provisions of the New Contract and Labor Disputes Act. The Minister of the Environment, however, has been very explicit in stating that the sale of goods or services by a union is not in itself sufficient to render the union exempt from the provisions of the act. In the case of the Canadian Union of Public Employees, the Minister has stated that the union's sale of goods and services is not in itself sufficient to render the union exempt from the provisions of the act. In the case of the Canadian Union of Public Employees, the Minister has stated that the union's sale of goods and services is not in itself sufficient to render the union exempt from the provisions of the act.

I believe that all
either has a personal



12345678910111213141516171819202122232425262728293031323334353637383940414243444546474849505152535455565758596061626364656667686970717273747576777879808182838485868788899091929394959697989910010110210310410510610710810911011111211311411511611711811912012112212312412512612712812913013113213313413513613713813914014114214314414514614714814915015115215315415515615715815916016116216316416516616716816917017117217317417517617717817918018118218318418518618718818919019119219319419519619719819920020120220320420520620720820921021121221321421521621721821922022122222322422522622722822923023123223323423523623723823924024124224324424524624724824925025125225325425525625725825926026126226326426526626726826927027127227327427527627727827928028128228328428528628728828929029129229329429529629729829930030130230330430530630730830931031131231331431531631731831932032132232332432532632732832933033133233333433533633733833934034134234334434534634734834935035135235335435535635735835936036136236336436536636736836937037137237337437537637737837938038138238338438538638738838939039139239339439539639739839940040140240340440540640740840941041141241341441541641741841942042142242342442542642742842943043143243343443543643743843944044144244344444544644744844945045145245345445545645745845946046146246346446546646746846947047147247347447547647747847948048148248348448548648748848949049149249349449549649749849950050150250350450550650750850951051151251351451551651751851952052152252352452552652752852953053153253353453553653753853954054154254354454554654754854955055155255355455555655755855956056156256356456556656756856957057157257357457557657757857958058158258358458558658758858959059159259359459559659759859960060160260360460560660760860961061161261361461561661761861962062162262362462562662762862963063163263363463563663763863964064164264364464564664764864965065165265365465565665765865966066166266366466566666766866967067167267367467567667767867968068168268368468568668768868969069169269369469569669769869970070170270370470570670770870971071171271371471571671771871972072172272372472572672772872973073173273373473573673773873974074174274374474574674774874975075175275375475575675775875976076176276376476576676776876977077177277377477577677777877978078178278378478578678778878979079179279379479579679779879980080180280380480580680780880981081181281381481581681781881982082182282382482582682782882983083183283383483583683783883984084184284384484584684784884985085185285385485585685785885986086186286386486586686786886987087187287387487587687787887988088188288388488588688788888989089189289389489589689789889990090190290390490590690790890991091191291391491591691791891992092192292392492592692792892993093193293393493593693793893994094194294394494594694794894995095195295395495595695795895996096196296396496596696796896997097197297397497597697797897998098198298398498598698798898999099199299399499599699799899910001001100210031004100510061007100810091010101110121013101410151016101710181019102010211022102310241025102610271028102910301031103210331034103510361037103810391040104110421043104410451046104710481049105010511052105310541055105610571058105910601061106210631064106510661067106810691070107110721073107410751076107710781079108010811082108310841085108610871088108910901091109210931094109510961097109810991100110111021103110411051106110711081109111011111112111311141115111611171118111911201121112211231124112511261127112811291130113111321133113411351136113711381139114011411142114311441145114611471148114911501151115211531154115511561157115811591160116111621163116411651166116711681169117011711172117311741175117611771178117911801181118211831184118511861187118811891190119111921193119411951196119711981199120012011202120312041205120612071208120912101211121212131214121512161217121812191220122112221223122412251226122712281229123012311232123312341235123612371238123912401241124212431244124512461247124812491250125112521253125412551256125712581259126012611262126312641265126612671268126912701271127212731274127512761277127812791280128112821283128412851286128712881289129012911292129312941295129612971298129913001

[illegible][illegible]



Mon, I'm richt gled tae be wi' ye again!

Scotland's Best—

Born in Scotland
Bred in Scotland
Bottled in Scotland

Sandy Macnab's
Old Liqueur Scotch Whisky

Sole Importers—STUART BRIDON & Co., Inc. . . . FORTY WALL ST., NEW YORK

© 1934 Stuart Bridon & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.



What is the thing a million men look for in a shirt?

A million of America's well-dressed men have resolved their shirt-buying to this one simple rule—look for the Arrow label. A million men prefer the Arrow Trump to any other shirt that's made.

To what can such impressive confidence be attributed? To the fact that these men have learned that the label is the guide to every thing they want in a shirt.

Primarily, they like Trump's good looks. They find in its Arrow Collar, perfect fit and style. They appreciate Trump's American making. They are pleased with the wide range of attractive designs, lengths,

which enable them to get shirts that show the proper balance of cuff below the coat sleeve.

And they know that because it is Sanforized-Shrunk it will never be distressed by shrinkage—it will stay its proper size.

These virtues come into play when the Trump is made exceptional short value. It is today, perhaps more than ever before, America's premier short bargain—for though its quality is unchanged, at times in the modest price of \$1.99! Your Arrow Dealer will be glad to show it to you.



ARROW SHIRT SANFORIZED-SHRUNK. GUARANTEED NOT TO SHRINK OVER 10%.

Arrow Shirts • sanforized shrunk... a new shirt if one ever shrinks

D. J. McNamee



■ Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr. deserts New York early in the season to spend her winters on the Carnegie island (Cumberland Island) off the coast of Georgia. Besides being a paradise for her two small sons, it gives Mrs. Carnegie the sandy beach and woods she loves and one of her favorite sports, trap shooting with her husband. In the summer she is at Newport in her lovely house. She loves animals and her favorite fox terrier, Bozo, who was born and raised in Newport, goes everywhere with her. She is a deft and delightful hostess and her shrimp Newburgh, southern style, is excelled only by her Georgian wild turkey with wild rice. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.

"I NEVER TIRE OF THEIR FLAVOR"

"They always taste so good. They are smooth and rich and certainly prove that a cigarette can be mild without being flat or sweetish," says Mrs. Carnegie. "Cameles never make my nerves jumpy or ragged, either. And they're so popular that keeping enough in the house over week-ends is a problem."

That is because steady smokers turn to Camels knowing that they never get on the nerves. People do appreciate this. And they like the smooth flavor of the costlier tobaccos in Camels. For a cool, mild cigarette that you enjoy no matter how many you smoke, try Camels.

**CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY
OTHER POPULAR BRAND**

**"I LIKE THE MILDNESS
AND FLAVOR OF CAMELS"**
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.

Copyright, 1934,
R. J. REYNOLDS
Tobacco Company

Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder